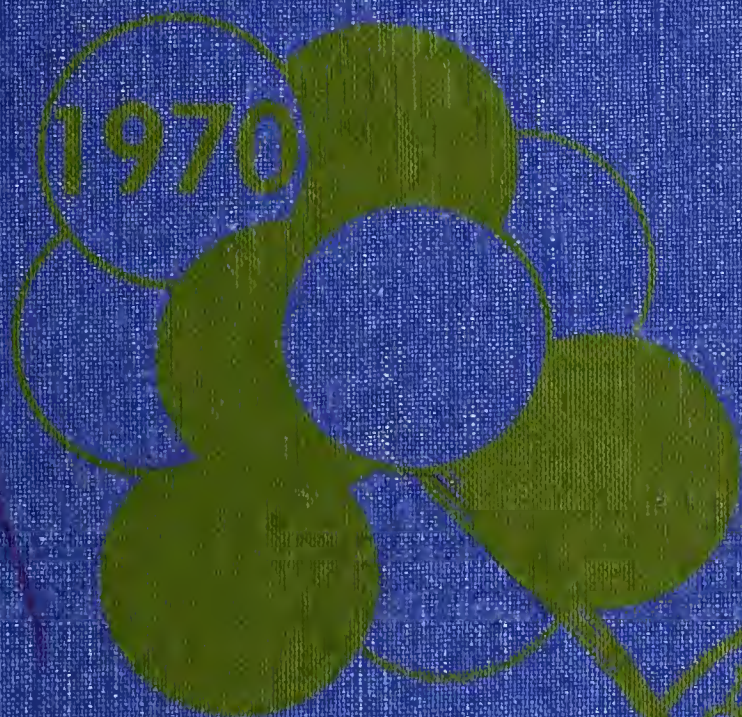






ABOUT THE GATEWAY
MUSEUM







The Circle

1970

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It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of light, it was the season of darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair.

Charles Dickens





Faculty

"a teacher affects eternity; he
can never tell where his in-
fluence stops"

Henry Brooks Adams



Principal
Mr. Donald A. Gordon

I hope I shall always possess
firmness and virtue enough to
maintain what I consider the most
enviable of all titles, the character
of an "Honest Man".

George Washington

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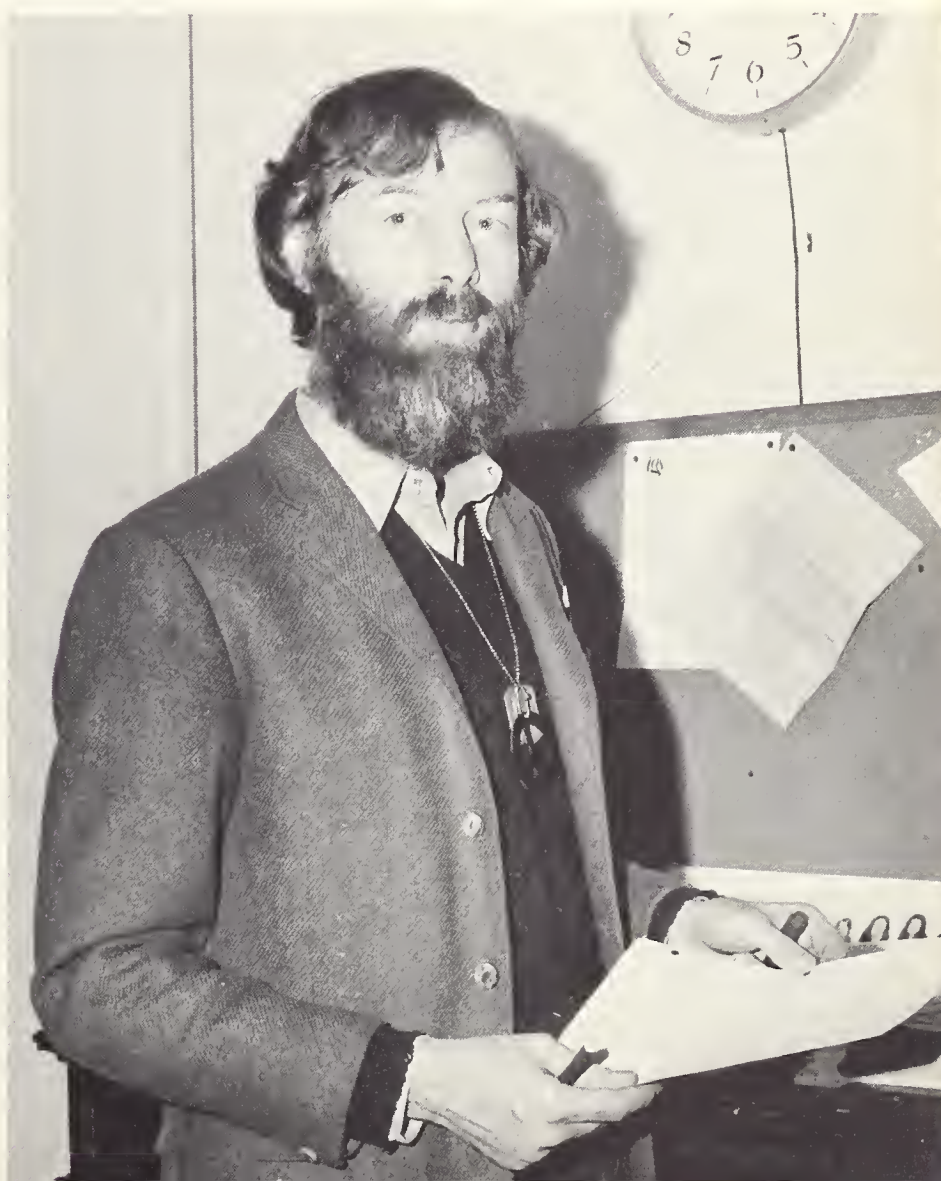


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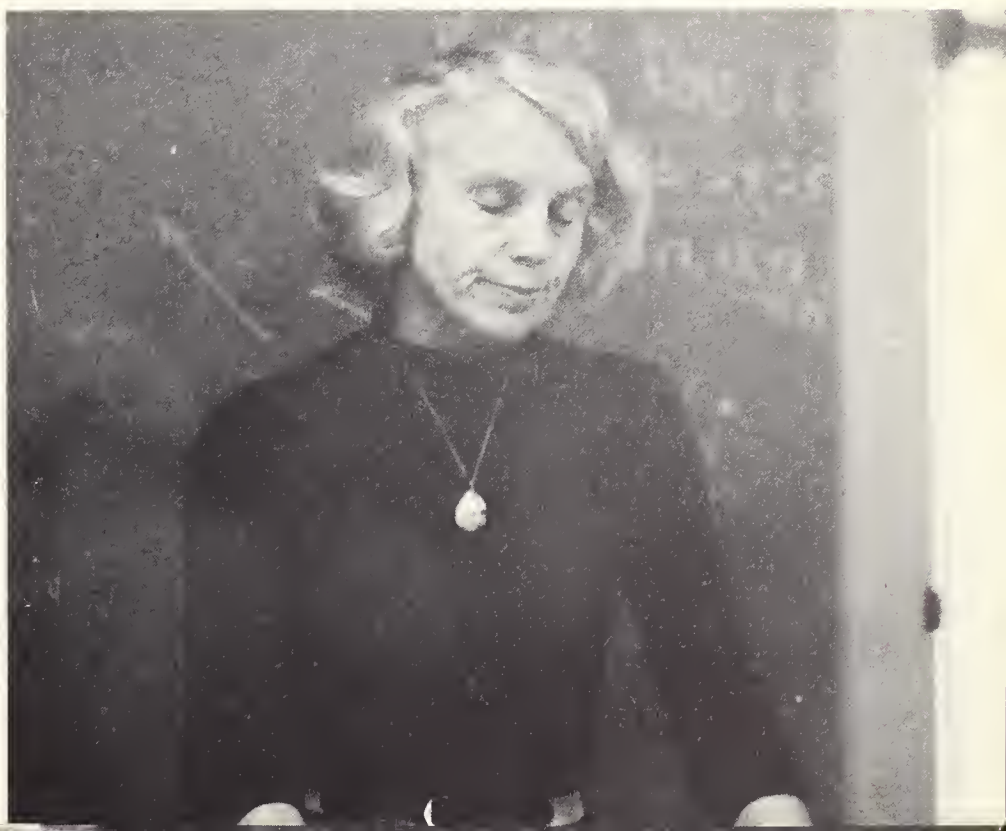
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Mr. & Mrs. David Maynard

Draper Housemothers

Standing: Mrs. Kathleen Ross-Dilley, Mrs. Stanley
Mumma Seated: Mrs. Gerald Trenbath, Mrs. Glenora
Chittick



Outside Housemothers

Mrs. Capen Abbot, Mrs. Olga Tompkins, Mrs.
Lynwood Howard. Missing: Mrs. John S. Curry,
Mrs. Estelle Goggin

In just—
spring when the world is mud—
luscious the little
lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddie and bill come
running from marbles and
piracies and it's
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer
old balloonman whistles
far and wee
and betty and isabel come dancing

from hop-sotch and jump-rope and
it's
spring
and
the
goat-footed
balloonman whistles
far
and
wee







Hey look us over, lend us an ear
It's Abbot Bazaar time come again this year.
We've all been working
Planning away
It's gonna be great
So mark this date
It's on the tenth of May.
Look out here come the Gay Nineties
Rootbeer and all
We're getting ready
Let's get on the ball.
We're depending on you
To pull us through
So give us all you've got
Good things are busting out all over!



Bazaar







Sun warm on my back
My heart light as I walk away.
Return is no necessity
Destination no crutch.
Put your life
In the journey.







Seniors



Francine Michelle Amore
89 Burnham Road
Andover, Massachusetts

So glad to extend handfuls of
dawn.

—Tim Buckley

Abdy Anderson
The Warren Belstone
Okehampton
Devon, England

Anderson's at it again!

—Anderson



Elisabeth Lawson Andrews
46 Lone Tree Farm Road
New Canaan, Connecticut

"I feel there is an angel in me," she'd
say, "whom I am constantly shocking."

—Ferlinghetti



Diane Lee Anton
3 Hemlock Drive
Chelmsford, Massachusetts

One sweet dream, pack up the bags,
Get in the limousine.
Soon we'll be away from here.
Step on the gas and wipe that tear away.

—The Beatles



Gay Gilbert Armsden
Pepperrell Road
Kittery Point, Maine

It knew now where it was going, and it said
to itself, "There is no hurry, we shall get
there someday."

—A.A. Milne



Amy Carlton Baldwin
807 San Luis Road
Berkeley, California

Sun-treader,
life and light be thine forever.

—Robert Browning

Anjelica Behrends
c/o Creole Petroleum Corp.
Apdo. 889, Caracas D.F.
Venezuela

In the midst of winter,
I finally learned that there was
in an invincible summer.

—Camus



Hollis Elizabeth Bennet
17 Linden Lane
Duxbury, Massachusetts

The smile that you send out returns to you.
—Indian wisdom





Deborah Ellen Bernton
4 Oxford Street
Chevy Chase, Maryland

You give but little when you give of your
possessions. It is when you give of yourself
that you truly give.

—Khalil Gibran

Sarah Burns Bowen
230 Johnson Street
North Andover, Massachusetts

A little sun-burnt from the glare of life.





Marion Sanford Boynton
32 Long Point Avenue
Duxbury, Massachusetts

No one can tell me
Nobody knows
Where the wind comes from
Where the wind goes.

—A.A. Milne

Leslie Taft Breed
159 Phillips Avenue
Swampscott, Massachusetts

Is it so small a thing to have enjoyed the
sun, to have lived in spring, to have loved,
to have thought, to have done?

—Matthew Arnold





Megan Brook
Box 124
Cape Porpoise, Maine

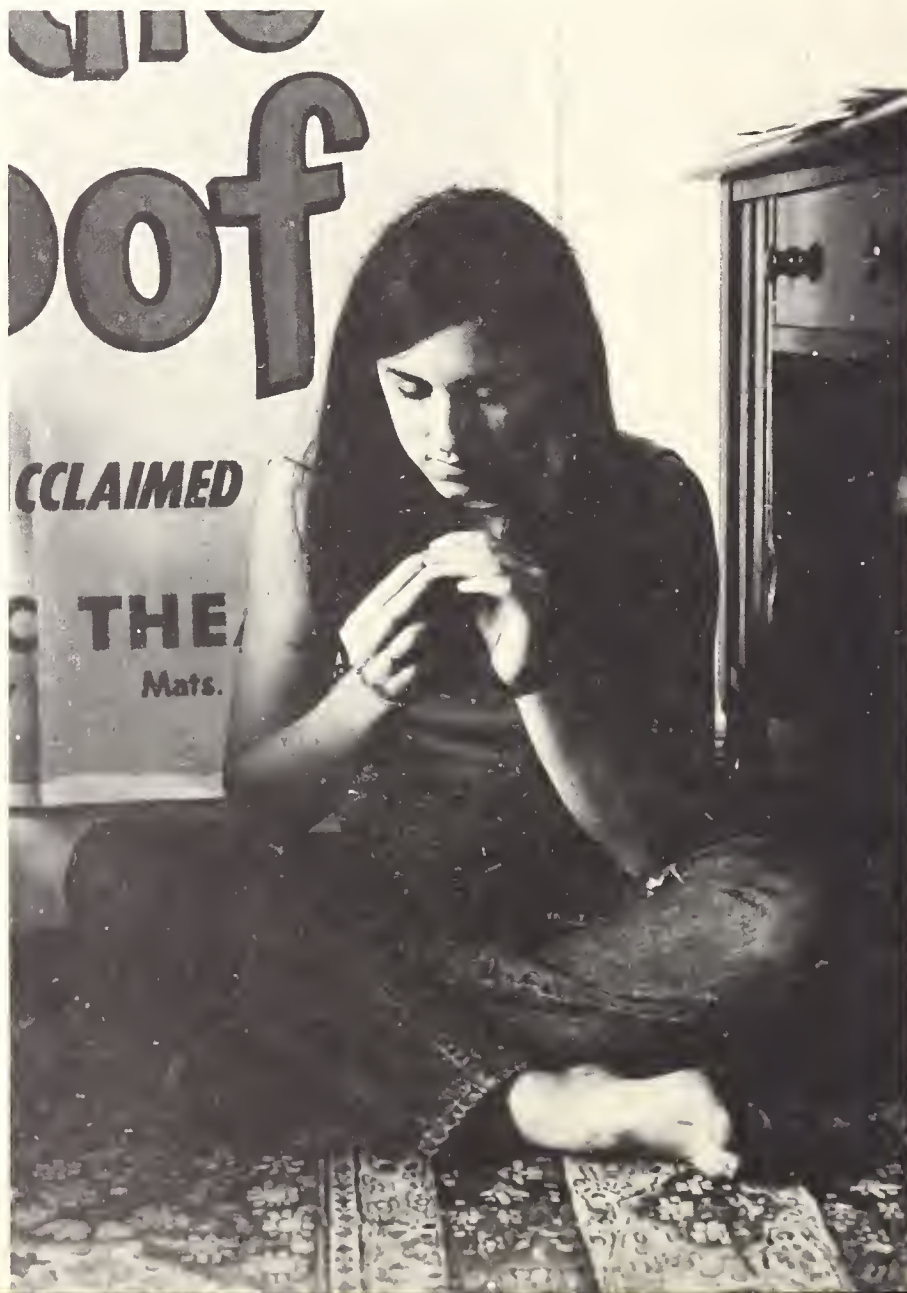
What is the night;
Almost at odds with morning, which is
which.

—William Shakespeare

Pauline Cerf
1000 Sunset Drive
Lawrence, Kansas

If for just one moment
You could step outside your mind
And float across the ceiling,
I don't think the folks would mind.

—Traffic





Dorcas Chisholm
East Hebron
New Hampshire

If I can stop one heart from
breaking, I shall not live in
vain.

—Emily Dickenson

Margaret Rice Cheney
American Consulate General
Bombay 26, India

A Chinese philosopher dreamed he was
a butterfly, and from that moment he was
never quite sure that he was not a butter-
fly dreaming it was a Chinese philosopher.

—Tom Stoppard

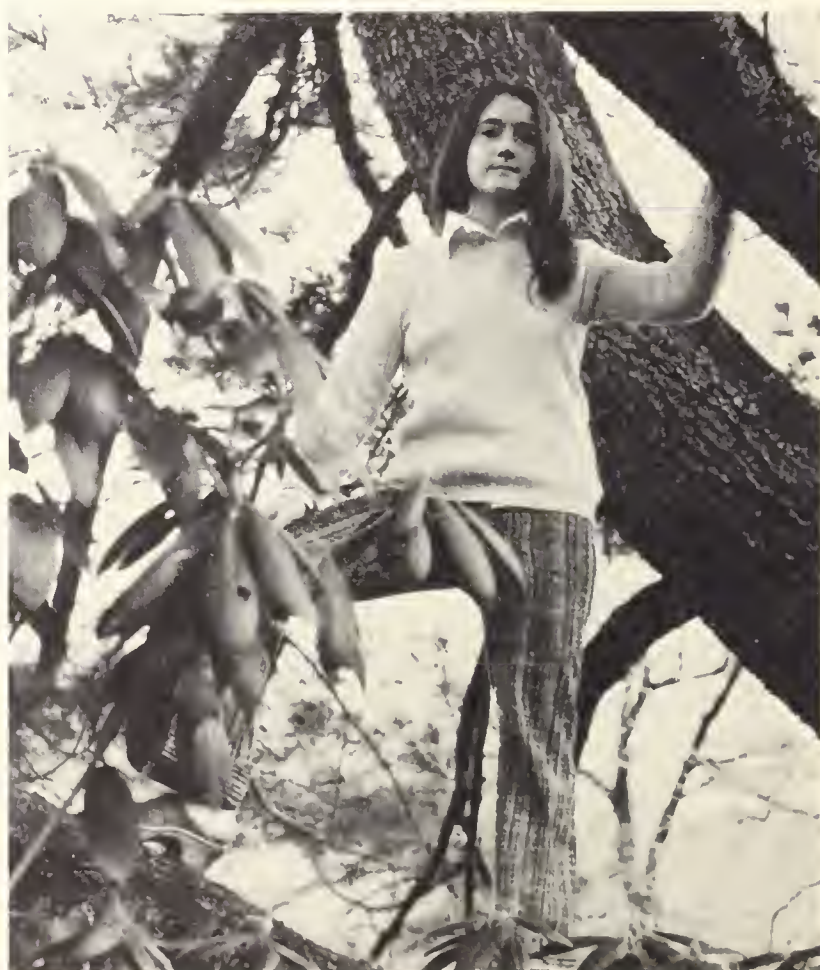




Susan Kay Cleveland
190 East 72nd Street
New York, New York

The positive always defeats the negative,
Courage overcomes fear,
Patience overcomes anger and irritability,
Love overcomes hatred.

—Swami Sarasvati



Janet Ellen Cohen
14 Thresher Road
Andover, Massachusetts

Tell me a lie and I'll cry for you. Tell me of
sin and I'll laugh.

—Tim Buckley



Deborah Louise Collins
6 Tamys Lane
Andover, Massachusetts

I wandered lonely as a cloud . . .
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

—Wordsworth

Lisa Elena Contarino
76 Hillside Road
North Andover
Massachusetts

Mortals are equal;
their masks differ.

—Voltaire





Anne Townsend Crowley
77 Henlopen Avenue
Rehoboth Beach, Delaware

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind,
I only wish to live my life,
And find my heart in unison with all
mankind.

Stephanie Helene Dantos
Maple Lane
Conway, New Hampshire

One is amazed
By a water-lily bud
Unfolding
With each passing day,
Taking on a richer color
And new dimensions.

—Naoshi Koriyarla





Lynne D'arcy
63 Hawks Hill Road
New Canaan, Connecticut

Rest your head inside awhile
envelop peace . . . reflecting forests
of warmth - fields of smiles.

—Chip

Debra Ann Davison
205 McKinly
Thomasville, Georgia

You are not only good your-
self, but the cause of good in
others.

—Socrates





Lisa Marie Doyle
930 Central Road
Rye Beach, New Hampshire

I'm taking the time for a number of
things that weren't important yesterday.

—The Beatles

Katherine Durham
8 Stonehedge Road
Andover, Massachusetts

For her own breakfast
She'll protect a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem.

—Edward Young





Tamara Lynne Elliott
5 Midland Circle
Andover, Massachusetts

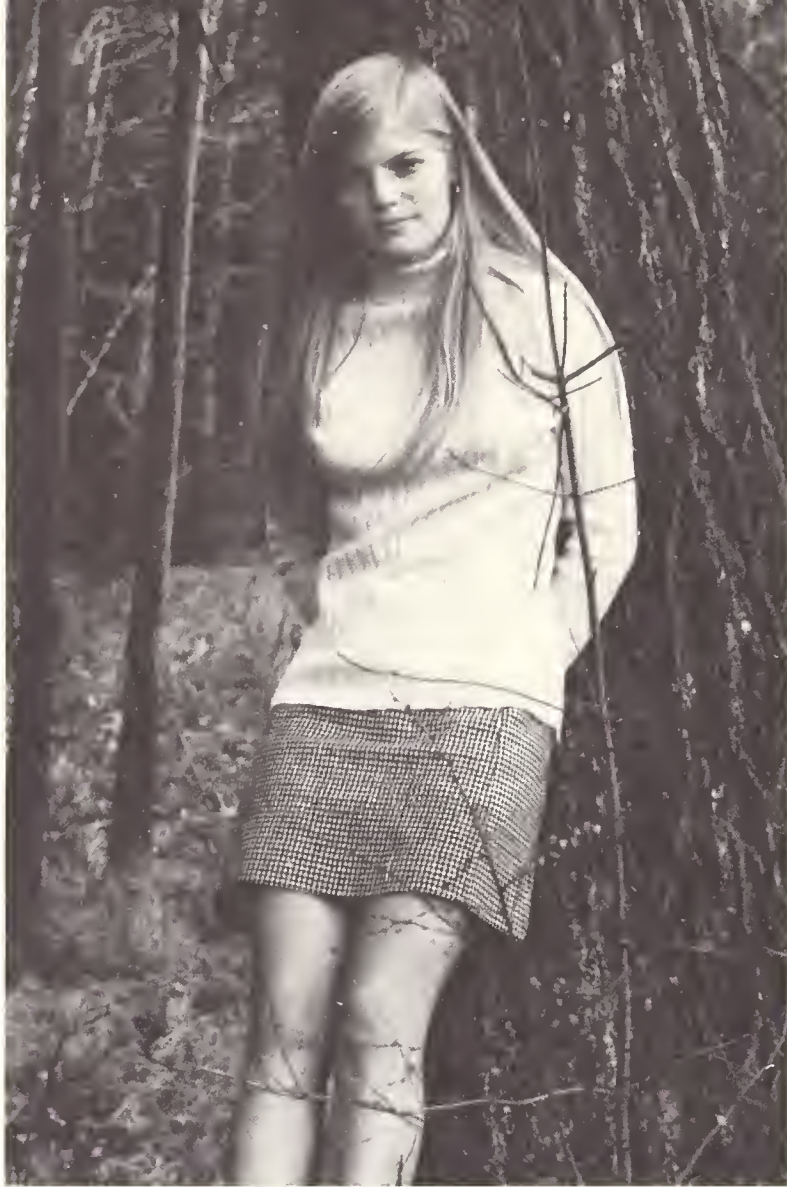
Tomorrow we will run faster,
stretch out our arms farther . . .
And one fine morning—

—F. Scott Fitzgerald

Alexa Perry Freeman
1286 Willow Lane
Birmingham, Michigan

I am of the universe
And you know
What it's worth.
—John Lennon





Elizabeth Gaines
51 Buttonwood Lane
Darien, Connecticut

You can say I want to be free.
I can say someday I will be.

James Taylor



Anne Marguerite Garès
35 Rutland Court
Rutland Gardens
London S.W., England

En somme, ce qui m'intéresse, c'est de
savoir comment on devient un saint.

Camus



Karen Maria Giesemann
3A Calle "A" 6-50 Zone 10
Guatemala City, Guatemala, C.A.

I believe for every drop
of rain that falls
a flower grows.

—Orpheus

Nancy Tilton Grassi
12 Laurelwood Drive
Shelton, Connecticut

All the knowledge I possess
everyone else can acquire, but my
heart is all my own.

—Goethe



Abigail Grout Hale
918 Timber Branch Parkway
Alexandria, Virginia

To stand for the constant presense of process
And always seem the same;
To be steady as a rock
And always trembling.

—Howard Nemerov



Susana Gunn
P.O. Box 945
San Salvador, El Salvador

Her ways are the ways of pleasantness, and
all her paths are peace.

Proverbs III. 17



Theresa Onnie Hinkle
1267 East 16th Avenue
Columbus, Ohio

I can be right,
And I can be wrong.
My whole life is in my song.

I am everyday people.
Sly and The Family Stone



Julia Elizabeth Hogan
5 Porter Road
Andover, Mass.

The larger the island of knowledge, the
longer the shoreline of wonder.

Ralph Sockman



Susan Hoy
800 Berkeley Road
Wilmington, Delaware

Come run, jump, skip-along Sam
A very happy man I am.

Donovan

Elisabeth Marie Huhn
R.D. 1
Ashville, New York

I praise loudly, I blame softly.

—Catherine II of Russia





Pamela Verne Huttenberg
Harbour House Towers
Box 306, Apt. 805
Freeport, Grand Bahamā

To see what everybody else has seen, and
think what nobody else has thought.

—Dr. Albert Szent-Gyorgy

Ronnie Ingraham
Winemark Avenue
Oak Bluffs, Massachusetts

Oh wondrous light
Light, light, lighter
You give all your brightness away
And it only makes you brighter.

Incredible String Band





Carla Anne Johnson
48 School Street
Andover, Massachusetts

The reason why birds can fly and we can't is simply that they have perfect faith, for to have faith is to have wings.

J.M. Barrie

Sondra Elaine Johnson
P.O. Box 112
Wise, North Carolina

A bird does not sing because
he has an answer, he sings because
he has a song.

—Joan Anglund





Susan Parsons Johnston
174 Turtle Back Road
New Canaan, Connecticut

The door to happiness opens
outward.

Kierkegaard

Sylvia Nelly Joseph
Apartado 63
San Salvador, El Salvador

This is a wonderful world and
you can't even waste one day, so
smile, sing and be happy.

—Jim McGinnis





Jane Fredrika Jouett
Estate Elizabeth
P.O. Box 270
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

Wish I was an English muffin
'Bout to make the most out of the toaster.

—Simon and Garfunkel



Catherine Virginia Knapp
438 Jerusalem Road
Cohasset, Massachusetts

Strong and content,
I travel the open road.

—Whitman



Amadea Elizabeth Kramer
Headlong Hall Farm
Centreville, Maryland

I cannot help but sense
the beauty
over all
and feeling thus
be joyful.

—Eric Gulliksen

Marsha Leverett Lawton
North Street
Litchfield, Connecticut

You must enter into
The small silences between
The leaves,
You must take your time
And touch the very peace
They issue from.

—John Moffitt





Sandra Westover Lindgrove
21630 Knudsen Drive
Grosse Ile, Michigan

As she fled through sun and shade
The happy winds upon her played.

—Tennyson

Gay Luster
12 Norholt Drive
New Canaan, Connecticut

If growing up means it would be
Beneath my dignity to climb a tree
I'll never grow up!

—Peter Pan





Pamela Marie Mallen
6 Bittenwood Drive
Methuen, Massachusetts

Silences make the real conversation between friends. Not the saying, but the never needing to say is what counts.

—Margaret Lee Runbeck

Denise Maloney
8 Stirling Street
Andover, Massachusetts

I'll let you be in my dream
if you'll let me be in yours.

—Bob Dylan



Linda Mary Moore
8 Lillian Terrace
Andover, Massachusetts

I had too much to dream last night.



Sandra Ann Murray
Greenacres Lane
Rye, New York

You'll never see the world aright
Till the sea floweth in your veins
And you are clothed by the heavens
And crowned by the stars.

—Incredible String Band

Deborah Jean Naman
13 Marwood Drive
Andover, Massachusetts

My love, she speaks like silence
Without ideals of violence
She doesn't have to say she's faithful,
Yet she's true like ice, like fire.

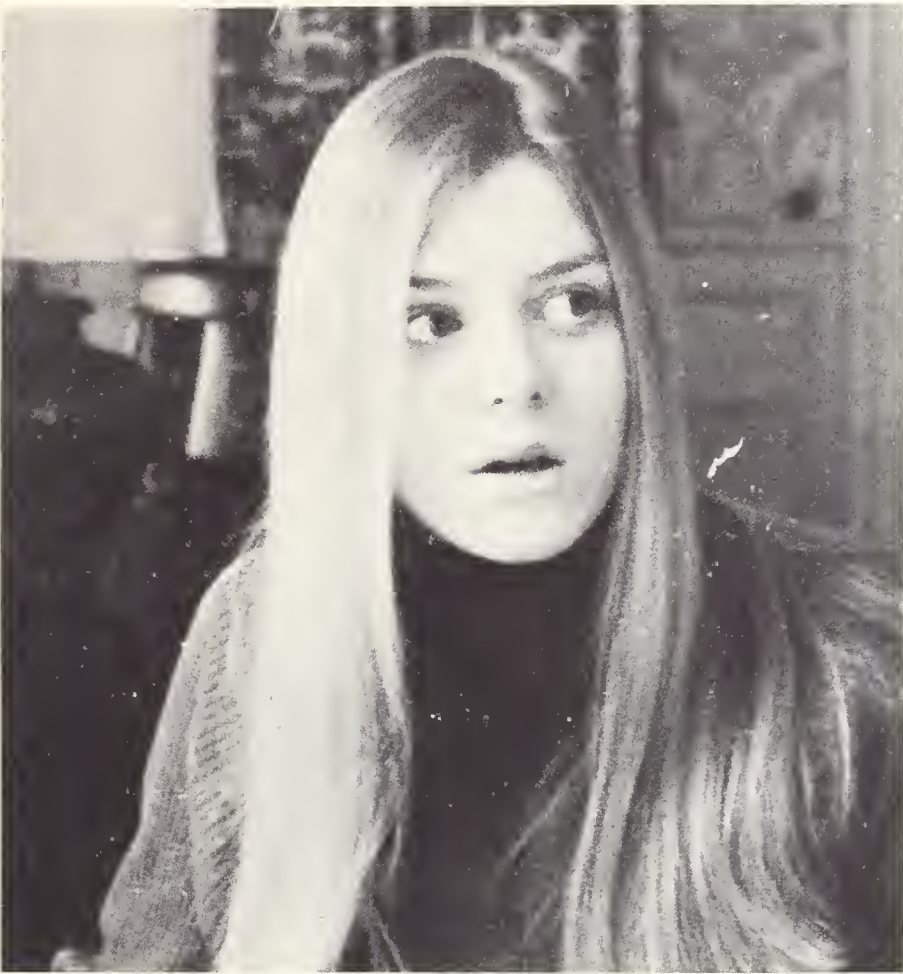
—Bob Dylan



Adelle Roberta Nicholson
7 Sherburne Road
Lexington, Massachusetts

Give me where to stand, and I will
move the earth.

—Archimedes



Cynthia Ann Niziak
121 Hidden Road
Andover, Massachusetts

I love a broad margin in my life.

—Thoreau

Sandra Ethel Perkin
325 Likeland
Grosse Point, Michigan

One green day she left her wings
And cut away her childhood strings
But dropping smiles along the trail
She left a trace: I will not fail.

—Tim Buckley





Deborah Prudden
88 Summer Street
Hingham, Massachusetts

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

—James Matthew Barrie

Nancy Leona Quick
96 Willard Grant Road
Sudbury, Massachusetts

She played as many games as
games there are

—anonymous





Marcia Frost Rickenbacker
5 Glenside Terrace
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

A face I know is beautiful—
With fire and gold of sky and sea,
And the peace of a long warm river.

—Carl Sandburg

Melanie Jane Rosen
387 High Street
Fall River, Massachusetts

The great essentials of happiness
are something to do, something to love
and something to hope for.

—anonymous



Suzanne C. Rowan
209 Salem Street
Andover, Massachusetts

Hitch your wagon to a star.

—Emerson



Andra Sue Rudolph
3 Hopkins Avenue
Beverly, Massachusetts

Imagination is the beginning of creation. You imagine what you desire; you will what you imagine; and at last you create what you will.

—George Bernard Shaw



Andrea Jenay Russ
c/o Marcona Mining Co.
Apartado 1229
Lima, Peru

little did I know
the work I was to do
or the love I had to show
—Donovan



Antonia Maria May Salam
145 Pickney Street
Boston, Massachusetts

If you smile at me I will understand
'Cause that is something everybody everywhere
does in the same language.

—Crosby, Stills and Nash





Priscilla Sandford
1275 Denmark Road
Plainfield, New Jersey

Walk together, talk together
O ye peoples of the Earth.
—American Field Service



Anne Kidder Smith
3221 Pine Ridge Road
Birmingham, Alabama

sun, the earth is turning
it's turning around
and love is the axis.

—Donovan

Gretchen Cole Smith
158 Dale Street
North Andover, Massachusetts

I lit my purest candle close to my window, hoping it would catch the eye of any vagabond who passed it by. And I waited in my fleeting house.

—Tim Buckley



Adrienne Celeste Smelling
2949 Greenleaf Street
Allentown, Pennsylvania

The hills and the sea and the earth dance.
The world of man dances in laughter and tears.

—Kabrir



Toby Ava Soloman
67 Raynor Street
Lowell, Massachusetts

To live is good.
To live vividly is better.
To live vividly together is best.

—Max Eastman



Christina Brewer Steele
Upper High Street
Peterboro, New Hampshire

There is no duty we so much underrate
as the duty of being happy.

—Robert Louis Stevenson



Susan Skillings Stein
1405 Caballero Road
Arcadia, California

I travelled 'round the world to find the sun.
I couldn't stop myself from having fun.

—Traffic

Catherine Cake Stone
246 Hollywood Avenue
Rochester, New York

Were I so tall to reach the pole
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man.

—Isaac Watts



Elise Claire Strauss
Pleasant Point
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

It is a funny thing about life—
If you refuse to accept anything
but the best, you very often get it.

—Somerset Maugham



Lisa Courtney Sweitzer
2837 Arizona Terrace
Washington, D.C.

Life is far too important ever to talk
seriously about it.

—Oscar Wilde

Josephine Jayne Swift
6 Timothy Drive
Andover, Massachusetts

Sing, sweetness, to the last palpitation of
the evening and the breeze.

St. John Perse



Anne Caldwell Taylor
171 South Dawson Avenue
Columbus, Ohio

I had no reason to be over-optimistic,
But somehow when you smiled
I could brave bad weather.

—The Who

Wendy Ann Underhill
157 Greenfield Hill Road
Fairfield, Connecticut

A wonderful fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other.

—Charles Dickens



Sandra Ann Urie
21 Manton Road
Swampscott, Mass.

I sought my soul, but my soul I could not see.
I sought my God, but my God eluded me.
I sought my brother, and I found all three.

An old verse



Florence Durrie Watson
Comegys Bight Farm
Chestertown, Maryland

Those who love deeply never grow old.
They may die of old age, but they die
young.

Arthur Wing Pinero

Kristin Bea Whyte
3 Hidden Road
Andover, Mass.

Happiness runs in a circular motion.

—Donovan





Jennette Williams
749 Park Lane
East Meadow, New York

. . . . a kind of Coney Island of the mind,
a kind of circus of the soul.

Ferlinghetti

Let It Be
Sue Hosmer's Philosophy Class



Midnight Rambler
Tootie
Teddy and the Abbot Security Guard

Volunteers
Huhn
Williams
Amore
Naman

Here Comes The Sun
Urie
Comley
Straus
Rowen
Hoy

Something in the Way She Moves
Anderson
Solomon
Anderson
Solomon

Just Like a Woman
Davison
Sweitzer
Anderson

She's a Lady
D'Arcy
Bowen
Perkin

Delta Lady
Anne Smith
Lynn Waller

Born To Be Wild
Niziak
Niziak
Niziak

You Can't Always Get What You Want
Mrs. Finbury

Highway 61 Revisited
Breed
Anton

Catch If You Can
Dantos
Urie
Watson
Cheney
Jouett



Get Off My Cloud
Snelling
Nicholson

I'm Looking Through You
Mesdames Griffith, Chittick, Ross-Dilly

Nothing Is Easy
Williams



Cinnamon Girl
Luster

Rock Around The Clock
Luster
Baldwin
Stein
Solomon

Me and My Baby
Sandy and Rhys
Sandy and Rhys
Sandy and Rhys

Impossible Dream
College
Parietals
Graduation

In My Life
Todd
Hayman
Johnson
Bennett
Anderson
Garvan
Stone
Brightman
Williams
Waller
Pike
Rust
Bissell
Bailey
McDaniel
Quick

Evil Ways
Day Studs

Matchmaker, Matchmaker
Mendenhall & Markley Enterprises, Ltd.

Yellow Submarine
Anton's Car



If I Had Wings

Gaines
Contarino
Freeman

Bridge Over Troubled Waters

Mrs. Bennett
Miss St. Pierre
Mrs. Hosmer

Stoned Soul Picnic

Hale
Cerf
Luster
Williams
Finch

Hair

Ingraham
Comley
Solomon
Moore

Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl

Durham
Maloney
Grassi
Williams



Up Against The Wall

Celotto
The Hawk
Fox
Swanson
Perkins
Shea
Cahill
Baldwin

Someday Soon

Freeman
Cerf
Cohen

I'd Do Anything

Prudden
Stein
Gares

The Jet Song

Jet Set Jennette

Are You Experienced

The Lucky Ones

Foxy Lady

Anderson
Miss Minard
Doyle

Sweet Blindness

Mallen
Chisholm
Salam





Fall

"What is there in the birds, the birds, the birds, crying down
on the north wind in September, acres of birds spotting the
air going south?

Is there something finished? And some new beginning on
the way?"

-Carl Sandburg

We came back.

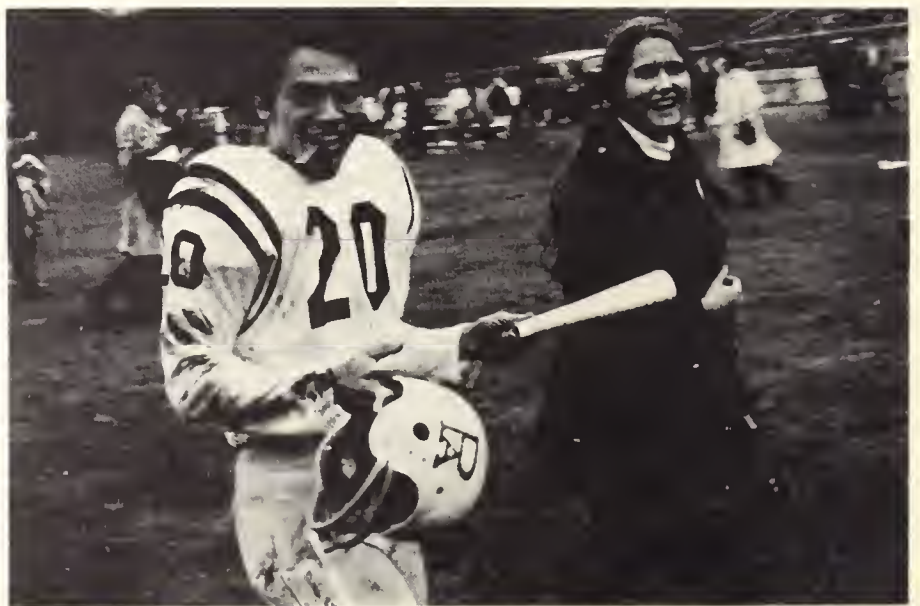
That first day, in September, was a marvelous mad dance of the faces we had kept with us all summer, along with a tremendous multitude of new faces. The Circle was filled with people, and the walls of the Senior Parlor were sparkling white and echoing our voices. We all talked that week, and very few of us listened. The core of our class was formed then, and things soon began to move around it.











As October eased upon us the walls in the Parlor began to take on a brownish tinge, and any attempt to look out the window was hampered by the grease that settled there. It was indicative, somehow, of what was going on in our minds; a final layer of something was added on to whatever we had accumulated thus far. Soon the class polarized; those with iron lungs remained in the Parlor during the day and ascended to the closet at night. It was a time of growing, when all of us made cautious sorties into things that could be said to transcend Abbot. For some strange reason the pressure mounted: perhaps it was the applications in our mailboxes—a sort of sweepstakes entry due January 1st. Shoulders slouched against the rain, we walked the route towards classes which were to stimulate, and yet we came to understand completely the meaning of “Waiting for Godot”.

It was a nocturnal time, when typewriters picked out history papers at 3am and later. If you timed it right, you could arrive in the Parlor just in time to receive the guard ascending from the kitchen. Nothing is better than bread and honey and milk to help forget the pains of American colonization.













Thanksgiving came with a most unusual ceremony that left most of us truly moved. For some it was the first inward glance in a long time. We left gratefully, and came back with tales of the Stones and Laura Nyro—everyone had a good time.





The stretch between Thanksgiving and Christmas was indescribably endless. Last minute applications hung over us and we were driven to escape by some relentless force. We spoke little and listened less. The cloud in the Parlor thickened. Then, finally the term ended, for some it ended with three exams on one day. There was a sudden burst of candlelight, and the ceilings echoed with "Hallelujah." The longest haul was done, and we were free.





Winter

wín ter (wĩn tēr), n. [AS.] 1.
The season of the year, in any
region in which the noonday
sun shines most obliquely; the
coldest season of the year;
hence, cold weather.

—Webster's New
Collegiate Dictionary



Winter began indecisively, with three days of gradual reassimilation granted us before we took the icy plunge.



It was a riotous time: hysterical conversations lasting long into the night, and we began to talk once again to friends we had left behind in the Fall.

Then suddenly, it ended, and we were left with the bitter taste of January in our mouths.

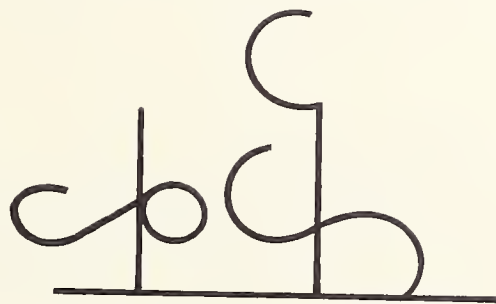


The days were brittle; brilliant flashes of pale sunlight that glittered on the snow. We tried to forget the cold, some by running, some by standing still. The month passed quickly, and we watched it go with great relief.



With February came Spring, a kind of soft mocking that only emphasized the waiting we felt. Something was different, or missing, perhaps the snow. The awesome self-searching we had done the winter before cast its shadow on this winter, and we were encouraged thinking that that lay behind us. Amid many undercurrents of flurry came the Prom: for some it was an ordinary weekend of frustration, for others it was fun. It was a time, that month, when closets again became hospitable, where we could forget. Within a few weeks there was a definite cloud over our minds.





March came, holding hands with November. College acceptances dribbled in, but most of us were still left waiting. We had two and a half weeks before we left, a time when those of us who had run stood still, and those who had stood still retreated a little. We waited some more, and looking back, we realized for the first time how long winter had been. The weather softened, and the snow turned into puddles that reflected the sky and the swelling branches of the trees.



Hall House

1st row; Laura Shultz, Anne Hyde, Dori Street 2nd row; Abby Johnson, Debbie Huntington, Nancy Mackinnon, Heidi Kropp, Candy Moulton, Carol Kennedy 3rd row; Ruth Raser, Lucy Pope, Helen Lacouture, Rod Goldstein 4th row; Sara Ingram, Judy Fletcher, Bill Rubel. Missing; Joni Blaxter, Elizabeth Webster, Ann Woodd-Cahusac

"Now that you're going to be an individual, be individual."

We're back. New faces... Phyllis and Dave... Harriet Jones... Pete Smith... Bill Rubel... new places... the Butt Room... Hall House... Chapin House... new privileges... smoking all day (eventually)... Boston on Saturdays... pants... only two days of assembly... the "new" Coffee Mill.

Laura Mae and her Barnyard friends... crunchy walks after lunch... CarWashCarWash... No-Dozing for us... someone answer the phone!... Paul is all again... Group W... early morning walks... beef fondue... Moratorium: armbands, candlelight, leaves... sign me out for church... dodidodido... truckin' on the line... Zeppelin... Field Day... Stoned Soul Picnic... steady stream of traffic flowing through Honor Board... some would rather fight than switch... Hall's Angels... serenity at Chapin House... is everybody happy?... overalls cover all... Peanut Butter Cups... the Emotional Crisis (E.C.)... thusly name-taped pacifiers... Jorian... we do kazoos... bell-bottomed blues... Mind Over Matter... Natural High... Hallelujah!

Winter term was like an elastic
stretched to the fullest
then it broke.
Yet they continued
pulling the separate ends.
Again they broke.
Debbie Huntington

Responsibility Day... It's a bummer... Kathy—"And she got the urge for going... "Mount Pleasant"... It's a bus!... really tense... Who's to say what's normal? Certainly not your eye... can I bum a Marlboro?... friend or... Communications Breakdown... E.C.... No Way... "All those noble thoughts don't belong, You can't hide the truth with a happy song... Just call on your rainy day man."...

Seated: Kathy Gilman, Elly Bradshaw, Hattie Hawkins, Debra Kelsey, Martha Cronyn, Jennie Martin. Standing: Sybil Ridings, Susan Baybutt, Megan Treneer, Emily Schroeder, Holy Tytell Missing: Linda Hynson, Peggy Partridge, Tottie Wasilewski

First Floor Draper



Second Floor Draper

Debra Pope, Abby Johnson, Margo Stever, Candy Kattar, Brownie Richards, Linda Hynson, Trinka Galusha, Sarah Gay, Karen Ho, Susie Foord, Susan McCouch, Stacey Milton, Shelby Salmon, Didi Salling, Mimi Walker, Cindy Lund, Martha Caverly, Gayle Ridd. Missing: Linda Bistany, Sally Browning, Nancy Phillips, Chris Pollard, Sandy Rollins



Third Floor Draper



Luis Crouch, Peggy Haskell, Sue Dampier, Tara Sartorius, Maggie Smith, Lucy Viele, Bea McConnie, Adison Techapaibul, Ann Woolhandler. Missing: Lynn Comley, Lillian Coolidge, Candy Kern, Kathy Kilborn

make-up your sports cut in Basketball at 3:25 Without Fail! . . . tunafish . . . when is a snow day . . . Sunday sensitivity . . . high implications . . . "Once there was a way to get back homeward" . . . Kattar's noteworthy wall . . . Puerto Rican Power . . . is there a Mac's order? . . . Maria from Groton . . . Butt Room transformed into obnoxious green of sorts . . . Andy Ruth III muralizes . . . Prom: high point of term? . . . what's this-another date? . . . big bang for future Bazaar . . . wombats . . . SATs . . . Rassman and Kranzler absent at assembly . . . give me five . . . who's on the list . . . check the stars . . . E.C. . . . tumors . . . "I'm very happy to announce that the new vice-president . . . "it's been a long cold lonely winter" . . .

Yes I know that sunrise
It's bound to shine in my backyard
someday

And the wind it will rise up
And blow my blues away."
James Taylor

Day Students



1st row; Anne Spader, Liz Spader, Mary Ann Sullivan, Cindy Johnson, Caroline Chisholm. 2nd row; Claudia Comins, Margaret Couch, Dianne DeLucia, Karen Pernokas, Amy Rogers, Susan Macartney, Joanne Mosca, Elizabeth Urdang, Pamela Caverly, Mary McCabe, Nancy Cohen, Selma Hershfield, Sara Ingram. 3rd row; Brett Cook, Martha Rogers, Vicki Harrison, Kim Grecoe, Elizabeth Kent, Jennifer McLean, Laurie Woodworth, Christina Landry, Joan Liversidge, Barbara Levine, Denise Mallen



French House

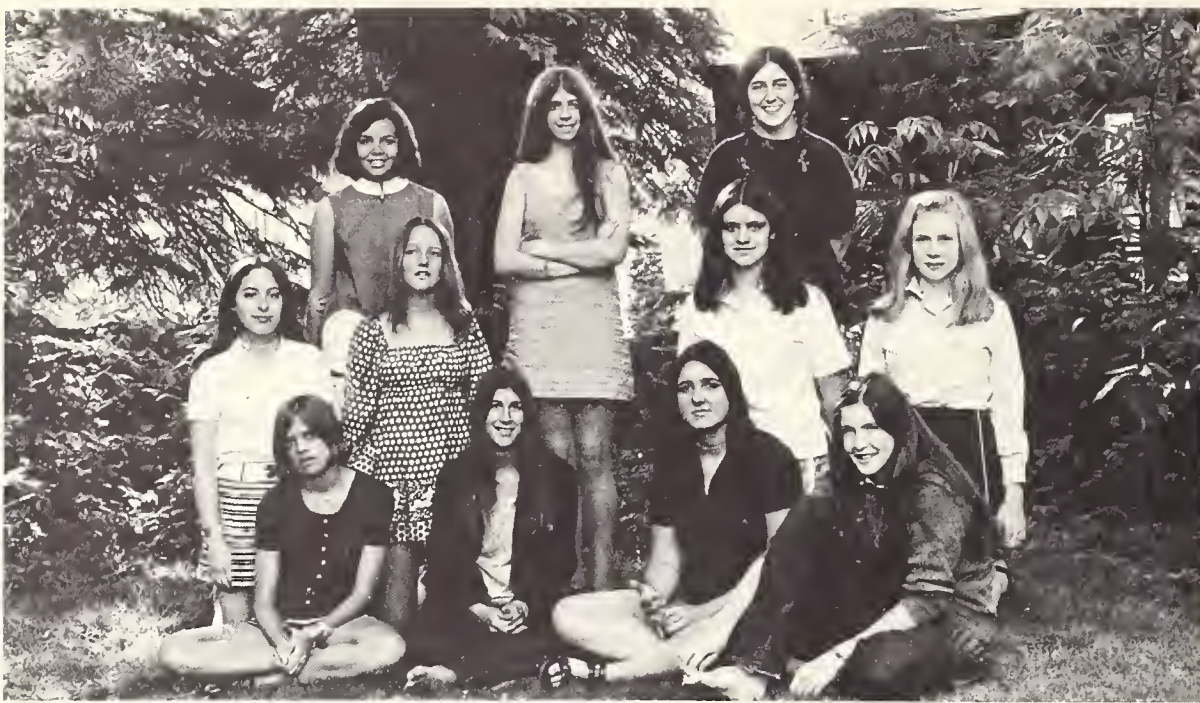
1st row: Lucy Gorham, Debra Roth, Rosalind Munro. 2nd row: Nina Dorsey, Marna Park, Brenda Friend, Pricilla Woods, Lucy Flint, Nancy Pinks, Jane Dewey, Laurie Camosy, Susan Nast, Sandy Godfrey. Missing: Holly Cleveland, Cindy Olive, Jane MacDonald, Joyce Johnson, Susan Stone, Barbara Walker.

Our story started off quietly for most members of the Junior Class. Shortly, however, an individual from the renowned Abbey House felt the need to distinguish its' reputation. Thus we offer a reward to any girl who can tell us what *really* was in that paper bow. (A case for a true sleuth.) . . . The fall days became only a memory of the beautiful leaves blanketing the campus. The whirlwind of Christmas—and we were returning from vacation; all looking forward to 'tinter worm' (as our fairy godmother would say). Abbey House continued to head the list of the ten most wanted houses. After creditable espionage work by 'unknown' members of the 'staff', the notorious Abbey House ten were finally brought to justice. They are now members in good standing of the American Cancer Association . . . Shortly thereafter, Smoky Bear Pinks and mild mannered cronies extinguished an invisible fire in French House. (Many felt that they should have aimed in the direction of Abbey House.) . . . The atmosphere was tense; the rumors frequent—the big bust became a reality. No words can express how we felt as a whole or individually. But we left for spring vacation slightly changed . . . Spring term evaporated in a storm of events—Moratorium Day, Earth Day, students strikes all gave us an opportunity to show that apathy has not engulfed us all. Thus, towards the end we finally buckled down . . . We thank several parties for keeping Honor Board active but ask that they concentrate on a different organization next year . . . Though fewer in number, we are greater in spirit . . . Right on '72

Abbey House

1st row: Susan Lilienthal, Gwen Fowlkes, Kathy Snowden, Alice Sweeney. 2nd row: Aleta Reynolds, Ellie Mish, Victoria Johnson, Mellisa Baird, Linda Calvin, Lynn Graham, Sally Bloodgood, Susan Machie, Abby Shaine, Nadine Price, Libby Pennink, Ann Mendenhall, Penelope Stone, Helen Coxie, Liz Hall, Sandy Reynolds, Jess Straus, Karen Nourse. Missing: Jennifer Bloch, Mary Cummings, Babette Masse, Karen Awad, Dorothy Lagemann, Jeannie Russell, Kim Streeter





Cutler House

1st row; Lynn Brazer, Ginger Chapman, Wendy Aird, Jane Cashin
2nd row; Kate Tomlinson, Ila O'Brien, Barbara Willis, Charlotte Mason
3rd row; Karen Lewis, Mary Webb, Noreen Markley

The first conquest is to find the rooms where your classes are . . . but how? The only rooms you know about are the rooms in your dorm or the daystudents room . . . The learning of names of your classmates . . . and remembering . . . following your old girl around the school and thinking you'll never make it because the school is just plain too big . . . and she's gabbing about Mr. this or Mrs. that and the frightening tales of initiation and the P.A. mixer and you keep asking "What's initiation and what's a P.A.?" . . . And then the famous mixer finally arrives . . . the auctioning off at the Addison Gallery and wondering who's going to ditch who first . . . and then the morning after . . . "Do you like him?" . . . "Did he, hmmm, assume you're a junior?" . . . "Did you get a handshake instead of a kiss?" . . . Then the sign-ups for the remaining dances of the year . . . Upper three classes . . . ONLY . . . The wondering of how you're going to last through four days of sports a week . . . outside . . . as the days grow colder and colder . . . until Thanksgiving . . . Brrr! . . . and the faces are getting a little more familiar . . . Rumors of a Two A.M. fire drill and getting your coats and shoes out, thinking you're all prepared—it doesn't come . . . until that unexpected night . . . The continual breaking of those unheard of rules . . . Parents weekend . . . showing your parents the "New Abbot" yet you're still wondering what the "Old Abbot" was like . . . Learning the names of the Will Hall boys and actually finding yourself fighting over them . . . Sherman House vs. Cutler House vs. Day Students . . . but the faces are getting more familiar . . . the anticipation of the snow and then it finally comes . . . and comes and comes . . . "Why don't they call a snow day?" . . . Winter term is such a hum drum drum drum . . . but the faces are getting all the more familiar . . . The Prom; our envy of those upperclassmen and the closest you can ever get is serving . . . oh well! There are always the tips! . . . The countdown until spring vacation . . . 3 weeks . . . 2 weeks . . . Spring Term! . . . pull yourselves out of the snow drifts . . . Spring fever sets in and P.A. seems all the more interesting . . . When is our next dance . . . And Graduation . . . are we invited? . . . but as the year draws to a close you realize all you've been through together . . . some things you laugh about . . . others you just think about . . . and the faces are actually familiar . . .

Sherman House

1st row: Connie Petty, Buzzy Rollins, Susan Urie, Mardi Hudson
2nd row: Dorinda Davis, Susan Costa, Molly Prescott, Kathy D'Abre, Kim Whittemore, Jane Pugh
3rd row: Betsy Coward, Liz Robert, Anne Weisman, Leila Percy

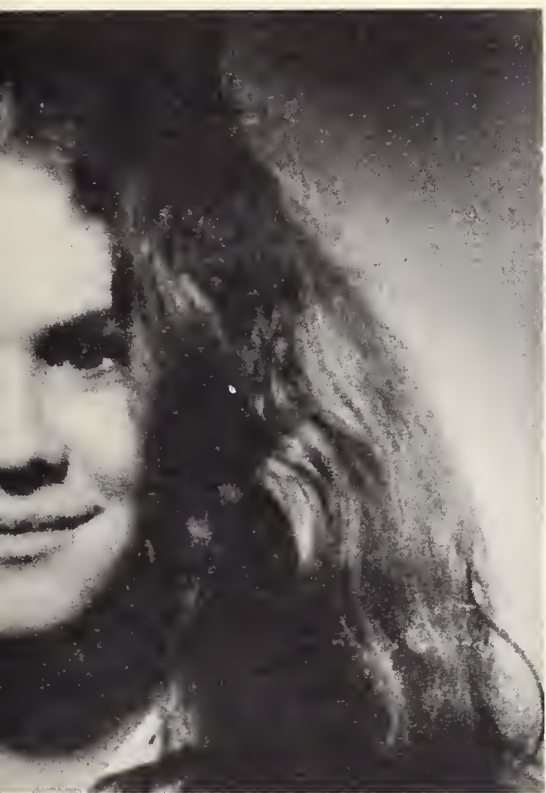




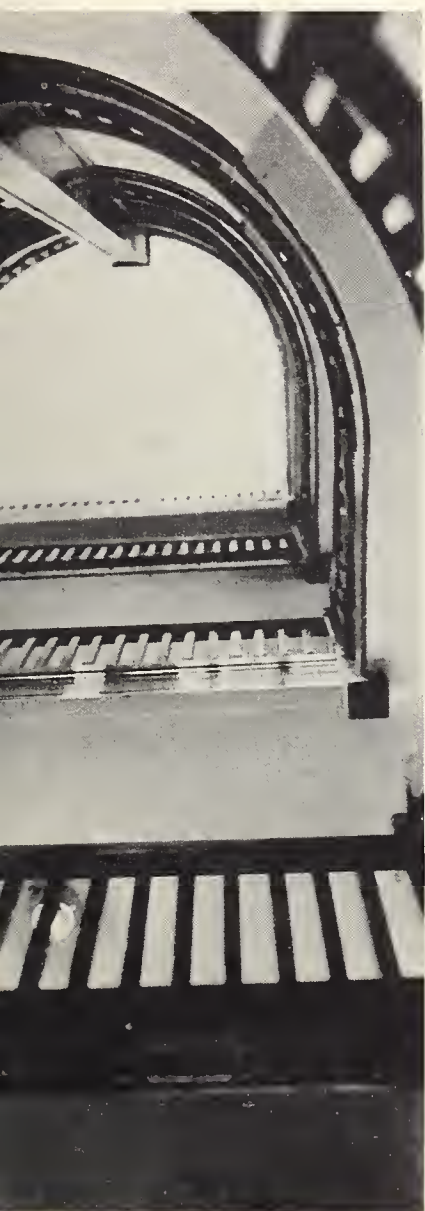


We left with no thought of coming back, but soon we found ourselves together again. It was our last Spring, and yet it seemed merely an extension of our last winter and our last fall.





We waited, with the distinct impression that the end of the waiting would be as nebulous as the thing we were waiting for.





Winter melted into Spring with scarcely a jolt, and the time slipped quickly towards that hour when we would leave the things and the people we had come to know and love.



Take what we can before the land says it's time to go
Each to his own way—I don't mind
Best of luck with what you find
But for your own sake remember times we used to know.
Jethro Tull





Patrons

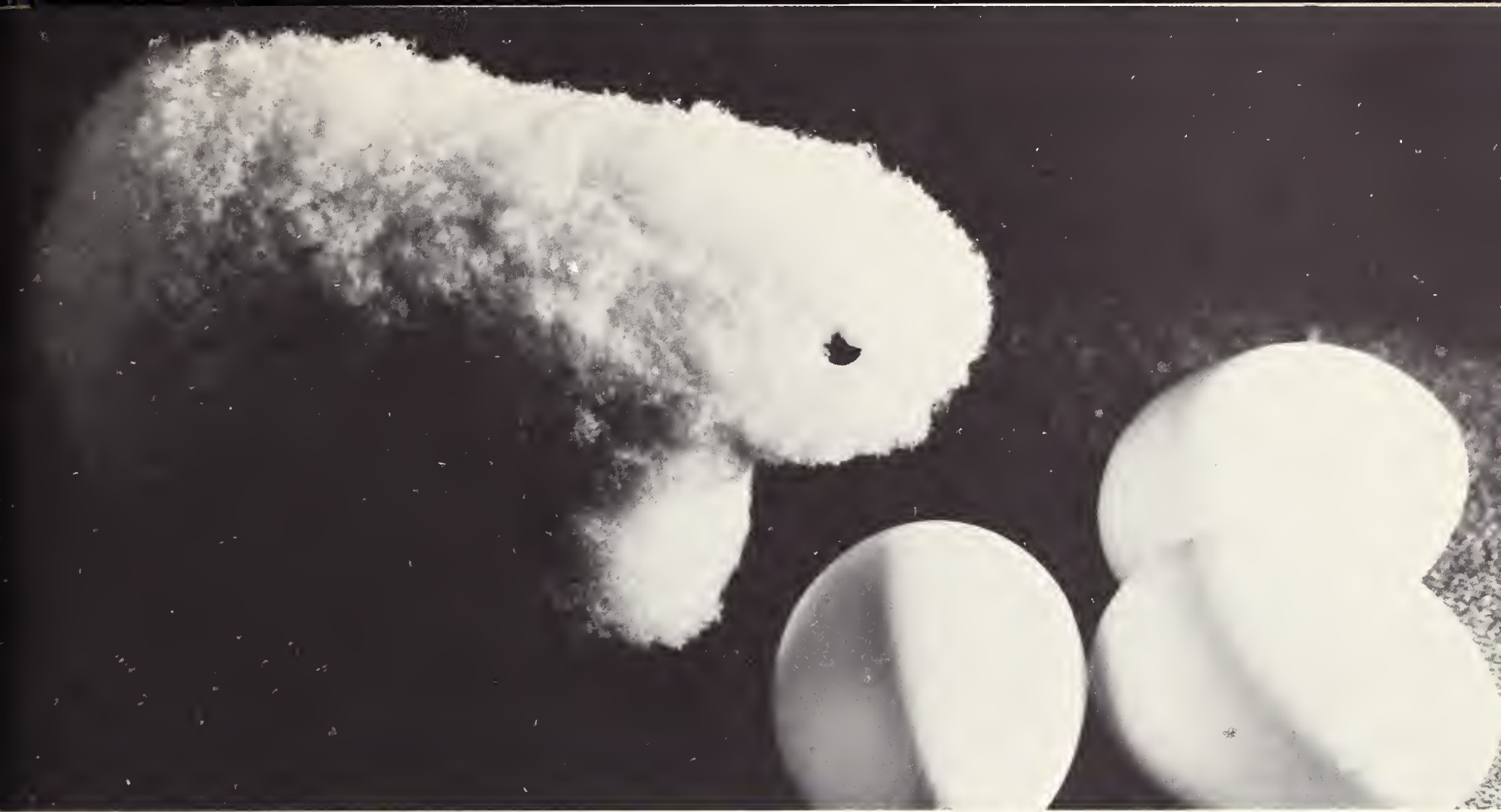
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"the cherry bloom has gone—a temple in among the trees, is what it has become."

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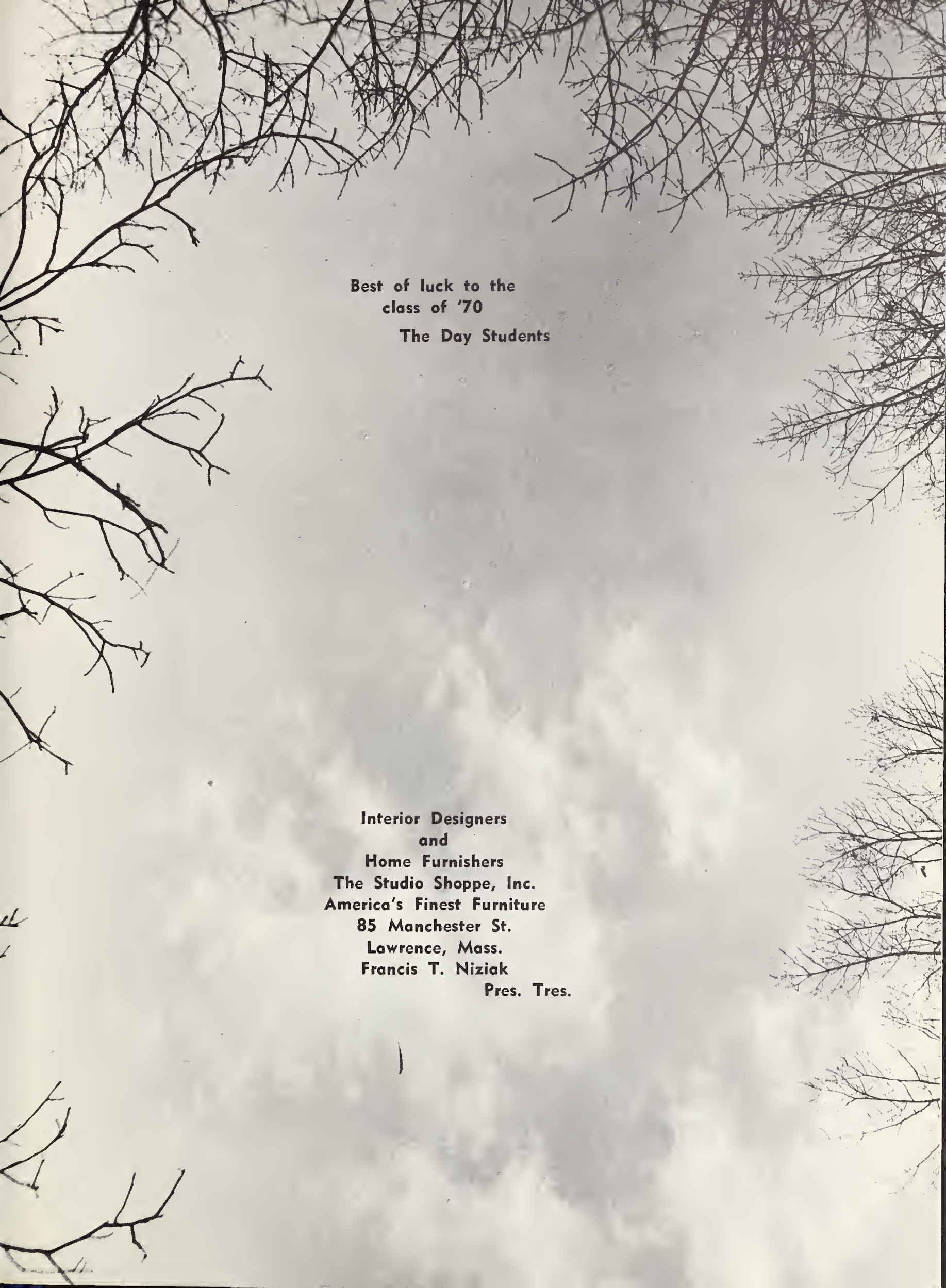
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